Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
King. *Emillius* doe this message honourably,
And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emillius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes,
And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuises.
Satur. Then goe successantly and plead to him.

Exeunt.

Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with Drum and Souldiers.

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.
Goth. Braue slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
Be bold in vs, weele follow where thou leadst,
Like stinging Bees in hotest Sommers day,
Led by their maister to the flowred fields,
And be auengd on cursed *Tamora*:

And

And as he saith, so say we all wit
Lucius. I humbly thanke him
But who comes heere led by a l

Enter a Goth leading of in his ar

Goth. Renowned *Lucius* from
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monas
And as I earnestly did fixe mine
Vpon the wasted building, sudd
I heard a childe cry vnderneath
I made vnto the noyse, when so
The crying babe controld with
Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, an
Did not thy hue bewray whose
Had nature lent thee but thy m
Villaine thou mightst haue bene
But where the Bull and Cow are
They neuer do beget a cole-bla
Peace villaine peace, euen thus
For I must beare thee to a trusty
Who when he knowes thou art
Will hold thee dearely for thy m
With this my weapon drawne I
Surprizd him suddainely, and b
To vse as you thinke needefull o
Lucius. Oh worthy Goth, th
That robd *Andronicus* of his go
This is the Pearle that pleasd you
And heeres the base fruit of his
Say wall-eyd slaue whether wou
This growing Image of thy fien
Why dost not speake? what dea

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